

# NEW YORK VS. GRAND RAPIDS

A prominent New York City clothier advertises as follows: "We make clothes to fit the times, as well as the people. Rain, sun, heat cold cannot fade those splendid Campbell Kersey Overcoats we sell at \$25. Did you pay your tailor \$40 for a winter overcoat? If you didn't, don't. It would not be a bit better than the Campbell Kerseys we are selling at \$25."

Now hear what your leading Grand Rapids store is doing: These same \$25 Campbell Kersey Overcoats are being sold at Hudson's Great Closing Out Sale at \$15 and \$16.50. \$15 buys a \$22 Campbell Kersey Overcoat, lined with best Italian and silk sleeve lining, and \$16.50 secures a genuine \$25 Campbell Kersey Overcoat, lined with Al Cassimere, piped with satin and satin sleeves. These overcoats are cut long and stylish. Unquestionably they rival the best production of the swell merchant tailors. We have but a few of those celebrated Globe Patent Beaver and Kersey Overcoats, formerly sold at \$28 and \$30, now \$22 and \$25. The best overcoats in town. Have you noticed the Ulsters that our society swells are wearing? Many of them came from the Tower. Thirty-five dollars worth of style to our Ulster which we sell at \$20.

Frieze Ulsters,

Now \$10, \$12, \$15.

Saves \$5 to \$7 on each.

Tower's Finest Fur Beaver Ulster,

Now \$18.

This is \$7 off  
Earlier price.

Best American make.

Genuine Irish Frieze Ulsters,

Now \$18, \$20.

A net saving of \$5 to \$7.

Tower's Finest Fur, Beaver or Chinchilla

Ulsters,

Imported,

Now \$25.

This is \$10 off earlier price.

Extra Fine Dublin Frieze Ulsters,

Now \$22.

\$5.00  
Reduction.

Nothing like them elsewhere in town.

Of course we always carry the largest assortment of low priced Ulsters and Overcoats in this part of the state. \$6 buys a serviceable storm-resisting Ulster. \$8.50 buys our regular \$12 grades of Whitney Beavers. \$10 buys a Melton that beats 'em all for wear, looks and cheapness. Hats and furnishings will be closed before the holidays. Every buyer secures a bargain in our hat and furnishing departments.

## HUDSON'S TOWER CLOTHING COMPANY

Stock Must Be Closed by January 1. Selling Out to Quit the Business.

### HE IS ALL CUNNING

An Animal That Is Full of Life  
and Resources.

### SOMETHING ABOUT THE FOX

He is Ever on the Alert and Not-  
withstanding His Pivoting Ten-  
dencies Is a Merry Beast.

"How few people know what an interesting chap the fox is," said a naturalist, recently. "They know him only by reputation, and that as a chicken thief, which he is. But he has lots of points, I tell you. A merry, sly dog is Reynard. All summer he lives in luxurious ease, roaming the woods and skulking by the pearly brooks, or basking in the noonday sun.

"He loves fish and going down to the stream he waits till he spies a plump trout. It's over in a twinkling. A leap, a snap, and off he trots with his juicy morsel. A stupid crawfish smooches by his hole near the water's edge. Reynard drops his tail in the water and tickles him with it. The angered crustacean comes out of his hiding place and is seized and crushed, armor and all. When the rippling corn is ready to drop, and the muscous fruits have reached their maturity, and all nature is plenteous with ripening fulness, then Master Fox is in clover. Timid rabbits prick up their ears and run, unconscious of danger, along the hillside; the quails skulk noiselessly in the wheat stubble; birds pour forth their notes of praise; and he catches them all. He loves fruits, especially apples and plump pears tempt, and in the vineyard he fairly revels in grapes. His cubs grow fat and saucy. He shows them how to pilfer honey, and when the busy bees have laid up a winter store he crawls to the hive near the garden fence and, jumping up to the smoky opening, licks the sweet drops with pure delight. Out come the stinging, humming honey-makers and settle like a hail on his thick pelt, but he doesn't mind them, and, rolling over and over, crushes them by the score and eats them as a relish.

"Cunning? No animal beats him. Look at his brainy head. His delicate ears—broad below to catch every sound, from the highest note of the shrill warbler to the low crooning of the cuckoo, or the distant murmur of storm, or the fervent pants of the grunting hoarse, and tapering so sharply to a point that they can shape themselves to every wave of air that makes the tiniest rustle of noise. Note the crafty calculation and foresight of the low, flat brow. What a nose! Now full of resolute purpose pointing straight forward, and anon turning up with concentrated malice and scorn. The eye, deep-set, a regular rubber's eye, lacks the soft beauty of the timid deer, or the fascinating glare of the cat's, yet it trembles with modest humility, or glances with murderous rage, flashing fire and vengeance. Energy and self-

control speak in the thin, cynical lips, and the mouth opens from ear to ear. He can leap, crawl, run and swim with the velocity of lightning, and his wiry body is carried so noiselessly along that scarce a trace is left. His delicate footfalls echo no response even among the dead leaves of the forest. His walk is treacherous, his glance sinister. Seizing a bunch of grain in his mouth, he will swim into the midst of a flock of ducks and seize the plumpest for a dinner.

"He is voracious, is Reynard. When hunger pressed, and gaunt and lean from starvation, he'll not refuse serpents and toads and moles and rats. He has been known to attack and kill young calves and lambs, and if the seashore is near will revel in oysters and shellfish. A group of rabbits are feeding in a clover patch. He'll crawl along, nibbling the juicy flowers until near enough to make a grab. He'll stalk a bird, with his hind legs dragging behind him, until near enough to spring. How farmers dread his incursions in the poultry yard. Fasten the yard up tight and he will burrow a winding passage into the ground beneath and suddenly appear among the drowsy chickens and stupid geese, whose shrill and alarmed cries arouse the farmer from his bed to sally forth, finding all safe. Then the fox will sneak back and pack away with the plumpest pullet or the fattest goose.

"February is the month when Reynard goes awooing, and a wide range he takes, flirting and toying with every vixen that chances in his way. It is fully sixty days before madame clears the rubbish all out of her burrow and brings forth her young, from three to six at a litter. It will be fully a month before the sharp-nosed cubs begin to play and gambol about the doorway of their home. Perhaps it will be at the foot of an old tree, beneath a ledge of rocks, or in the hollow of a dead tree trunk, or a burrow with several entrances in the sand or loam. Tell-tale chicken bones, and feathers and furs strewn about the entrance, speak of many a hen roost robbed, or of foolish rabbits and over-confident grouse that have furnished food for the ever-hungry cubs. The mother fox faithfully feeds her young and boldly steals to support them. She knows, as all sportsmen know, that the hounds will not follow her while she has a family depending upon her.

"A merry, devil-may-care life does the fox lead, indeed! It may be a short one, for traps and snares are many, hunters are alert and the scent of hound is keen. But Reynard rollicks and roisters, and plays the bold freebooter until it all."

### HOW THE YEAR IS MEASURED.

An Actual Error of Not One Day in Five-Two Centuries.

The ancients had various methods of computing time. Some determined the length of the year by the moon, others by the earth's annual trip around the sun, calling the unit of time measure thus adopted a "solar year," from the word "sol" or sun, meaning "sun year." Those who reckoned time by the moon were sadly mixed up as to time, twelve lunar months not being enough for a year, while thirteen were too many. Three hundred and sixty-five days were also too few; 366 exceeded the length of the

true year. These facts were noticed by Julius Caesar, who, considering 365 days and six hours to be the exact length of the year, corrected the error to a certain extent by constituting every fourth year to consist of 366 days.

This was called the "leap-year" and was always known by being an exact multiple of four. But even this correction made the year about eleven minutes too long, which made another error of ten days between the time of the council of Nice, in the year 325, and the time of Pope Gregory XIII., who took the chair of St. Peter in the year 1572. On this account Gregory undertook a second reformation of the calendar, which was effected in the year 1582, the pope ordaining that that year should consist of but 355 days, and that the ten days that thronged the months of October of that year should be thrown out entirely.

To prevent further irregularities, this wise pope decreed that in the future no year terminating a century should be a "leap year," excepting each fourth of such years. Three days are thus retrenched in every 400 years, because the lapse of eleven minutes each year makes very nearly three days in that period, leaving an actual error of but one day in each 3,200 years.

### IN JAPANESE CHURCHES.

Priest and Congregation Refresh  
Themselves During Service.

During the progress of the sermons that I had the opportunity of hearing in the great Buddhist temples of Shikoku and Nikko in Japan, says a writer in the New York Tribune, both the preacher and the congregation were repeatedly refreshed with cups of tea, while everybody, men, women and children and priest, smoked till the air was thick with tobacco fumes. This, of course, tended to keep the congregation in an amiable frame of mind and as such more ready to take to heart the doctrines and recommendations of the preacher. It is impossible to deny that tobacco is conducive to calm reflection and good temper, and although nowadays we find members of church congresses in Europe and America arguing that it is wrong for ecclesiastics to smoke, yet our clergy in the last century were so thoroughly alive to the advantage of the herba nicotiana, from a religious point of view, that they used to smoke not only out of church, but even when in the pulpit. Thus, Lamuelot Blackburn, lord archbishop of New York and primate of England, is on record as having interrupted his sermon, on the occasion of his holding a confirmation at St. Mary's, Nottingham, to order the church wardens to bring up fresh pipes and a supply of tobacco to the pulpit. Dean Swift used to smoke throughout his entire sermon, occasionally refreshing himself with a glass of port, while Bishop Duncan, of Dundee, is described as being so ardent in his coming to church without his tobacco pouch, and then, after ascending the pulpit, of inquiring who among the congregation would be willing to accommodate him with theirs. It is from these days, too, that date those delightful old-fashioned pews in the English country churches, fitted up with cushions, cushions, fireplaces, smokers and tongs, where the

squires slept and smoked away the entire length of the sermon.

"Another glass," as Rev. Dr. Barrow remarked each time that he turned upside down the hour glass on his pulpit during his three-hour sermon before the lord mayor. Why should the pulpit be retained as part and parcel of the furniture of our churches? A sermon is far more impressive when delivered from a pulpit which, no matter how beautiful the carvings by which it is adorned, can never under any circumstances add to the impressiveness of the discourse. Pulpits, indeed, should have no place in Christian churches, as they are of Mohammedan origin, the earliest examples recorded being the tubs fastened upon tops of poles, forming the sort of crow's nest from which the mulla of Mecca and of Cairo were wont to address the followers of the prophet that thronged the mosques every Friday. Curiously enough, they have now been abandoned by the Mohammedans, except in a few isolated cases, and are only to be found in Christian churches. The Japanese and Chinese priests whose sermons I have heard likewise dispensed with pulpits, preaching from behind a table holding the rolls of the sacred books, and seated in those high, back-breaking armchairs that adorn every Buddhist temple. In conclusion let me, with all reverence, endorse the opinion put forth by King Francis I. of France in his memorable dispute with King Henry VIII. of England, on the field of the cloth of gold, with regard to the relative merits of the liturgy and the sermon. King Henry preferred the latter, while King Francis pronounced himself in favor of the liturgy, basing his argument on the undeniable fact that the founder of our religion has assured us that it is not sermons nor ethical discourse that are most acceptable in the sight of the divinity, but prayer.

### A Safe Place in a Storm.

The Chippewa Indians say that the beech tree is never struck by lightning, and whenever a thunderstorm overtakes them they seek shelter under its branches. Strange to say there appears to be some foundation for their curious belief. The writer cannot remember ever having seen a beech tree that had been shattered by a thunderbolt, and lumbermen who have spent most of their lives in the woods agree with the Indians; but no one seems able to give any reason why this tree should be so favored. The trees most frequently struck by lightning are oaks and elms, and it is wiser to remain in the open and get thoroughly soaked than to seek shelter under them when a thunderstorm is raging.

### Go About Your Business.

Upon the old Temple clock in London is a singular inscription, the origin of which is said to have been a lucky accident.

About two hundred years ago, a master workman was employed to repair and put a new face upon the clock. When his work was nearly done he asked the benchmen for an appropriate motto to carve upon the base. They promised to think of one. Week after week he came for their decision, but was put off. One day he found them at dinner in confusion.

"What motto shall I put on the clock, your lordship?" he asked of a learned

judge.

"Oh, go about your business!" his honor cried, angrily.

"And very suitable for a lazy, dawdling gang!" the clockmaker is said to have muttered as he retreated. It is certain that he carved: "Go about your business" on the base.

The lawyers laughed and decided that no better warning could be given them at any hour of the day, and there the inscription still remains.—Youth's Companion.

### Photography in Crime.

Photography aids all classes. The latest to adopt it as a useful assistant is the scientific burglar. From New Zealand it is reported that two men armed with photographic appliances have been travelling around the country. Arrived at a house, one of them, by absurd prices, induces the tenant to have a photographic group made of the whole family, servants included. While he carefully poses them all in a group in front of the house his partner in crime has entered the back door and is removing such articles of value as are conveniently portable. The operations are gone through and the photographer promises to return next day with the proof.

### Password to the Tower of London.

A London paper says that probably very few persons know that the lord mayor is the only person—other than the queen and the constable—who knows the password to the tower of London. This password is sent to the Mansion house quarterly, signed by her majesty. It is a survival of an ancient custom.

### During the Cholera Season.

Dialogue between two ladies: "Have you taken any precaution against the epidemic?"

"Certainly."

"Well, what have you done?"

"Got my husband to make his will."

—La Tribune de Geneve.

### Explained.

Mr. Prime—Mrs. Dawson fairly worships that son of hers.

Miss Spiteful—Yes; he is so unlike his father.—Music and Drama.

### No One to Disappoint Her.

She—I never expect to marry.

He—Then you'll never be disappointed.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Lady's

Watch is

About the Size

of a bottle of Smith's Bile Beans.

They are dainty in form, sugared for the taste and their action makes them palatable as a means of moving the bowels. "There is not a gripe in a barrel of them." They regulate the flow of bile, hence are efficacious in constipation and diarrhoea—in fact, in all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. A 50-cent bottle will often save a \$50 doctor bill if taken in time. Ask for the SMALL size. Take no substitute for SMITH'S

Bile Beans!

## IT BEATS THEM ALL!

The Challenge Sale which we announced this week has broken the record for selling

Cloaks, Furs, Tea Gowns, Wrappers,  
Waists and Millinery

At less than ever attempted before by any one firm.

### PRICES CONTINUE THIS WEEK!

Jackets sell at \$10.00 or more elsewhere.

OUR PRICE \$4.25

Jackets sell at \$12.75 to \$15.00 elsewhere.

OUR PRICE \$5.49

Jackets sell at \$16.50 to \$18.00 elsewhere.

OUR PRICE \$9.95

Children's Cloaks sell at \$5.00 elsewhere.

OUR PRICE \$2.45

Children's Cloaks sell at \$9 and \$10 elsewhere.

OUR PRICE \$5.00

Tea Gowns sell at \$16.50 to \$18 elsewhere.

OUR PRICE \$8.95

Wrappers considered cheap at \$3 elsewhere.

OUR PRICE \$1.69

Millinery guaranteed at less than any one dares to sell at. It is a challenge sale in every sense of the word, and we advise every lady to take advantage of this sale throughout the house.

# SIEGEL'S

50 and 52 Monroe Street.